

On The Way To Kansas

I stuck my ass
at a desk for
thirty years,
practiced the
fucking violin,
wrote this article
and that review,
submitted, got
rejected, sometimes
a hit.

Chicago

I see old people
on the way to
Kansas.
I'm not old
yet,
a little bad around
the eyes, but
not old.
Good legs,
fat,
but you can lose
that.
I'd like to
fuck off for a
while,
just be a bod,
or if not just
"just,"
be a bod most of the time,
wiggle my ace, show my legs
and get ten
years taken off with
a knife,
rescue some of
those years in a
white room at a
typewriter--
but I
know I won't.
In fact maybe I
really always did what I
wanted. It was less
strain.

Chicago's a broken window,
broken fences
town,
shattered walls,
ruts and potholes,
paint on a wall
(Acme Tool and Die)
thirty years old.
Passing through
it screams at you.
If you were born
and raised there
like me
letting things go
is a
way of life.

-- Hugh Fox

East Lansing, MI